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EDITORIAL

I MUST apologise to readers of *World Review* for producing this month a magazine of only 32 instead of 80 pages, with no plates, a modified form of make-up, and for its appearing rather late.

The dispute between the London Society of Compositors, which was still unsettled when we went to press, and the Master Printers, has made this necessary. I have had to hold over, among other items, 'Recollections of Blaise Cendrars' by Henry Miller, the first part of an article on Modern Architecture by H. B. Creswell, an illustrated article on the painting of Francis Bacon by Robert Melville, word pictures by the French writer Ponge, an article on the rearmament of Germany by Brian Connell, further Memoirs of Sir John Squire, two short stories and some very original poems. All these will, however, be printed in subsequent issues of *World Review*.

PSYCHOLOGY IN THE LAW COURTS

EDWARD GLOVER, M.D.

I HAVE read with enjoyment and appreciation Dr. Walshe's article on 'Psychiatry in the Law Courts'.[1] Tussles between neurologists and psychiatrists are a perennial source of enjoyment to psycho-analysts and psychologists; particularly to psycho-analysts who, having endured during the past fifty years a certain amount of obloquy from both quarters, are content to let their respective prejudices cancel out. My immediate concern in this article is to indicate to what extent the existing Criminal Justice Act gives effect to the positive contributions made by psychological

[1] See our issue of August 1950

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science to the problem of pathological crime. For it would be regrettable if the legitimate criticisms of Dr. Walshe were allowed to obscure the fact that both 'normal' and 'abnormal psychology' have succeeded in developing a scientific and at the same time an eminently practical criminology.

SCHOOLS OF PSYCHOLOGY

But first of all it is essential to indicate to the puzzled reader what are the respective spheres of influence of neurology, psychiatry, normal psychology and psycho-analysis; otherwise he may feel that the science of psychology in general is totally disrupted, and that therefore little heed need be paid to its claim to interfere in criminology or, for the matter of that, in any other department of social science.

To begin with, the neurologist can fairly be defined as a specialist in the structural and functional aspects of the (organic) nervous system. He may or may not be a psychologist. Usually he is not; and even if he is, this is either by accident or by private predilection. His authority, *qua* neurologist, to criticise the psychiatrist, the normal psychologist or the psycho-analyst is neither more nor less than that of the average well-informed and common-sensible citizen. Dr. Walshe, for example, exercises this common sense to some purpose when he questions the psychiatrist's right to pontificate on the treatment of the ordinary law-breaker, or indeed the ordinary law-abiding individual either adult or juvenile. In any case the psychiatrist, like any other specialist, should never be entrusted with executive social authority. He should, in other words, mind his own business which, as we shall see, is the diagnosis and treatment of persons suffering from mental disorder who choose to entrust themselves to his care.

Once upon a time the psychiatrist was an institutional expert on the common insanities (the psychoses). But nowadays, like his colleagues in the United States, he is credited with being a general specialist able to detect and to a varying extent to treat all varieties of mental illness (psychopathological states): e.g. the insanities, the common psycho-neuroses (hysteria and the obsessional states) and the various behaviour disorders, including both sexual and social abnormalities or perversions. He, too, may or may not be a psychologist; but, if he is, he is under no obligation to be a psycho-analyst. In other words he need not look below the surface of the conscious mind for explanations of human conduct.

The psycho-analyst, on the other hand (and here we may include for convenience in presentation all those 'clinical psychologists' whose theories and practices are based, whether they know it or not, on Freudian postulates) is a bird of a different feather. Believing in the existence of a 'dynamic' unconscious mind which influences vitally the behaviour of both normal and mentally disordered persons, his professional concern is with the diagnosis of mental disease and with the treatment of such cases as are

amenable to psycho-analytical influence. He may, and frequently does, hold all sorts of views on the individual and social behaviour of the 'normal' person; but his therapeutic writ does not run in these provinces.

The 'normal psychologist', whatever his views on unconscious mental function (and these are as a rule distinctly lukewarm), is avowedly concerned with the conscious mental aspects of the ordinary individual, whose psychic faculties he measures by means of techniques which, alone amongst psychological procedures, would satisfy Dr. Walshe's somewhat arbitrary demand that psychology should behave in all respects like a natural science.

To these four distinct groups can be added a class of eclectics who make a virtue of combining all manner of theories and practices and who may, as Dr. Walshe rightly points out, double on their tracks and combine their psychological manœuvres with various organic (bodily) expedients, neuro-surgical, bio-chemical or electrical. Unconcerned with logical consistency, the eclectic is not seriously disturbed should the therapeutic elements he combines be as different as chalk from cheese.

Having ascertained the scope of these main groups of 'experts', the reader will find himself in the awkward predicament of having to take sides. For clearly the views and practices of those who accept Freudian teachings regarding the unconscious laws that regulate human behaviour must be essentially different from those held by observers who cannot or will not see below the surface. Should however the reader decide to follow the Freudian approach, he need not be intimidated by Dr. Walshe's contention that psycho-analysis is not a science, and that therefore a good deal of its forensic psychology is based on a pseudo-mysticism which may at any moment be proved fallacious. That dynamic psychology is a comparatively new science with methods of its own does not invalidate in any way the contributions it has made to our understanding of human behaviour. Psychiatrists may indeed be given to pseudo-mysticism; so too may many normal psychologists, although this I doubt; but, whether or no, the psychology of the unconscious has come to stay and with it all that body of knowledge that has been accumulated in the field of pathological crime.

THE PRACTICAL PROBLEM

It is refreshing to turn from the consideration of different schools of psychological opinion to the practical study of the pathological criminal. And incidentally it is clear from Dr. Walshe's article that he has not had the advantage of studying the subject at first hand. For had he been familiar with the workings of any clinic devoted mainly or exclusively to the diagnosis and treatment of pathological delinquency, he would have been in a better position to attack the psychiatrist's post-war usurpation of social authority without detracting from the legitimate labours of the delinquency

expert. Not only so; he would have undergone the refreshing, if surprising, experience of watching members of all schools working together harmoniously in the practical handling of delinquents of all kinds.[1]

The procedure followed in any well-equipped delinquency clinic is roughly as follows: cases are recommended, for the most part from Magistrates' Courts, where, for one reason or another (the peculiarity of the offence, or some other indication of abnormality that has caught the magistrate's eye or been detected by the probation officer), it has seemed that the commission of the offence was a sign of physical or mental disorder. In a rough and ready way, therefore, a process of selection has begun before the psychologist enters on the scene. No doubt many pathological cases are overlooked by the Courts, but it is very rare for any of the cases they send to be returned for sentence as 'normal and responsible'.

Once arrived at the clinic, the patient is given a variety of diagnostic tests, including psychiatric examination, physical overhaul, and tests of mental ability and capacity for suitable work. His social history is investigated by the social worker and a number of ancillary sources of information are tapped, including the probation officer's report, the school or, as the case may be, the factory report and the communications of any social club or organisation which has been in first-hand contact with the offender. On the basis of these investigations, a Court Report is drawn up, indicating the type of disorder of which the delinquent behaviour is one indication, and outlining the form of treatment and/or social adjustment that seem appropriate.

To this question of treatment we shall return shortly. In the meantime it is interesting to note the different groups of disorder in which the pathological offender can be classified. *Socio-legally* regarded, the commonest offences dealt with at delinquency clinics are stealing and some form of sexual aberration (usually homosexuality and exhibitionism); but the records include any variety of offence that is dealt with at Courts of Summary Jurisdiction and an appreciable number of graver offences that are ordinarily dealt with at higher courts. The most important *pathological* groups into which the cases fall are: the sexual perversions, the psychoneurotic delinquencies, and the psychopathic delinquencies. These account for two-thirds to three-quarters of the total cases examined. A smaller number of psychotic (insane) cases and of mentally defective cases are isolated, together with proportionately larger groups of 'borderline insanity' and 'borderline mental defect'. A very small number of offences resulting exclusively from organic disease completes the tally of diagnostic groups.

Perhaps the most interesting of the pathological groups is that described above as psychopathic. These cases are neither neurotic nor psychotic but manifest a chronic instability in emotion, thought and behaviour that has

[1] What follows is based on the routine practice carried out at the Portman Clinic (I.S.T.D.) which was founded and developed by the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency and handed over to the Ministry of Health in 1948 as a specialist centre for the out-patient treatment of delinquency.

usually been present in one form or another from childhood. Because, however, many of these offenders exhibit a superficial slickness of intelligence and appear to know perfectly well what they are doing, they are commonly regarded as 'bad eggs', or in earlier days as 'moral imbeciles'; and it is to the everlasting credit of the delinquency expert that he has succeeded in persuading the lower courts (higher courts are much more intransigent in this matter) that the psychopathic delinquent suffers from a serious form of mental disorder. Although in terms of the McNaghten Rules the psychopath is apparently responsible for his actions, he is even more in need of treatment than neurotic delinquents such as the kleptomaniac or the hysterical type of thief.

THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE ACT

So far all this is perfectly plain sailing. The application of diagnostic tests to determine whether the behaviour of any given offender is due to mental or physical disorder or whether it is to be regarded as 'ordinary law-breaking' need not alarm the most ardent champion of the liberties of the subject. The powers given to magistrates under the Criminal Justice Act to secure such diagnostic examination merely give official sanction to a course which enlightened penal reformers have been pleading for during the past twenty years or so.

Nor indeed is there any occasion for alarm in the routine procedures of treatment carried out at any responsible clinic for 'ambulant' (out-patient) cases of delinquency. The variety of psycho-therapy employed is determined by the type of case; and any form of treatment from hypnosis to psycho-analysis is made available. And here we may agree with Dr. Walshe that the wording of the Criminal Justice Act in effect makes it compulsory for the patient to carry out such treatment on pain of being returned to the court for sentence. This is a state of affairs which most psycho-therapeutists deprecate, not simply for the social reason that it infringes the commmon liberties of the subject but because it prejudices the success of treatment. Despite this difficulty, it is usually possible to persuade the offender of the desirability of treatment and of his free co-operation.

No such reassurances are however available in the case of patients who, because of the need for supervision, are transferred perforce to some mental institution or another. Dr. Walshe's weighty criticism of the virtual enforcement of all varieties of institutional treatment, from narcosis to brain operations, cannot be too strongly reinforced. But his argument is rather an aspersion on the standards of medical responsibility, which have certainly fallen into decay since the last war, than a specific criticism of delinquency practice—except of course in the respect that the provisions of the Criminal Justice Act in effect prevent the institutionalised offender insisting on his common right to refuse treatment.

But these are potential and actual abuses which will no doubt be eliminated at the instance of delinquency experts themselves; and no doubt when the status of experienced delinquency workers is more precisely defined in an amending Act, the offender sent for diagnosis and treatment will be in no worse case than any other disordered person. It is in any event unlikely that we in this country shall ever sanction such deplorable and superstitious practices as the castration of chronic sexual offenders which is now carried out in certain Continental institutions. Dr. Walshe's protests regarding the helplessness of the offender once in the hands of the institutional psychiatrist are however thoroughly justified and extremely timely.

But to return to less sensational routines of treatment, it is important to note that the results of the various treatments employed are in the highest degree encouraging. They show moreover that the sooner the pathological delinquent is recognised, the better his prospects of cure. In the case of juvenile delinquents the results of treatment also indicate that the essence of prevention is the early recognition and modification of the conditions of family upbringing that predispose to delinquent conduct.

These then are the grounds on which the trained forensic psychologist presents himself in court as an expert witness. Dr. Walshe's suspicion that he may merely provide psychological alibis to cloak the delinquent conduct of all and sundry offenders has little or no foundation. To be sure, the evidence of some delinquency expert, like that of many expert witnesses, may not always be extremely convincing to the court. That he is too frequently treated with suspicion in the Higher Courts is not however entirely his fault; it is rather an indication that the mentality of many Higher Court judges has not advanced with the times. In the Lower Courts the position is much more satisfactory. It requires only a little forbearance of technical evidence on the part of the bench, and on the part of the delinquency expert some understanding of the practical difficulties with which the bench is faced, to produce an atmosphere of mutual trust and respect. It is very rare for magistrates who are accustomed to hear evidence from properly trained experts to treat it with suspicion. On the contrary, they are only too glad to obtain expert assistance in pathological cases, and go out of their way to give effect to the recommendations made in the 'Court Report'.

Turning now to the need for amendment of the recent Criminal Justice Act, let it be said at once that the forensic psychologist is well aware of the bench's need to discriminate between 'ordinary law-breakers' and pathological criminals. It is no part of his professional policy to claim that law-breaking is invariably a pathological phenomenon. Indeed, so long as civilised countries practise warfare, it is essential that the normal person should be a potential law-breaker. For under martial law it becomes a virtue for the patriotic combatant to behave like a psychopath. On the

other hand, it should be recognised that the Criminal Justice Act was first and foremost a measure of penal reform. It was primarily intended to provide suitable alternatives to the customary prison sentence. Moreover, as the development of clinic (out-patient) methods of dealing with the diagnosis, treatment and prevention of pathological delinquency is a comparatively new process, it was inevitable that these more important aspects of criminology should receive scant attention. From this point of view the Act was both uninspired and cheese-paring. It was unfortunate, too, that no clear distinction was drawn between cases of pathological crime and those in which full responsibility for the offence can be determined. For although the dynamic psychologist may maintain that the distinction between the two groups is quantitative rather than qualitative, this is more a matter of private conviction than a practical conclusion of which the court can take serious cognisance.

But there is no reason why the legislature should not march with the times. It is becoming more and more widely appreciated that a great deal of what is commonly called crime should be dealt with by agencies other than Courts of Justice. Sexual offences should in any case come immediately within the province of the medical psychologist and only when the social need for protection is obvious should measures of supervision and/or segregation be applied. A high proportion of juvenile anti-social conduct should be made the preserve of the child psychiatrist acting in concert with the educational expert. And all cases where it can be shown that pathological elements constitute an operative cause should be given the opportunity of obtaining suitable treatment with or without probationary or institutional supervision.

Even more important is the need for organising and encouraging research on the complex problems of pathological delinquency. It is ridiculous to expect that a rule-of-thumb application even of modern psychological methods will meet the case. More and more exhaustive researches are required. Yet under existing arrangements it is no longer possible for a medico-psychological clinic operating under the Ministry of Health to divert its staff from the practical work of treatment to the pursuit of research wherever it may lead. And although private Research foundations are ready to lavish resources *inter alia* on all sorts of windy sociological ventures, their imagination seems to be paralysed when it comes to encouraging research work in the unfamiliar and never too popular field of criminology.

All these are matters which should be dealt with at the earliest possible moment by introducing a Criminal Justice (Amendment) Bill. Immediate effect could thereby be given to a system in which the determination of causes and the treatment of effects constitute the guiding principles of a New Criminal Code.

The Powder Plot

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THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

THE Gunpowder Plot shares with the Battle of Hastings the distinction of being an historical event which everybody knows about. But to historians it has another kind of interest. It is an event about which the full truth will probably never be known. Because the arrest of Guy Fawkes shortly before midnight on 4 November 1605 occurred at the beginning of a new century and a new dynasty, the Gunpowder Plot is generally considered in isolation—a unique and violent happening; and it is this simple fact which, more than any other single factor, has hindered popular understanding of what the Gunpowder Plot was—the last and crowning achievement of a twenty-year series of Government 'frame-ups' directed towards rousing popular hatred against the Catholics.

The Government construction of 'plots' is a conventional device of statesmanship in any unstable or revolutionary situation and, though it neither originated nor ended with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England, the climate then was extremely propitious for its use. Sir Henry Wotton (who died in 1639) went so far as to admit that plots were necessary to maintain a politician's reputation; and to stir up popular indignation against a party obnoxious to the Government by the unmasking of an 'enterprise' undertaken by a few fanatics, unsuspectingly goaded on by Government spies (who suggested the matter in the first place) was a certain way to gain approbation for measures which would otherwise have been unpopular, and perhaps impossible.

The problem with which the Elizabethan Government was faced was how to exterminate Catholicism without provoking a revolution. For Catholics were not a strange race apart; they were relatives, friends, neighbours. Even if they did not constitute the actual majority of the English people (reliable statistics in this matter are almost impossible to arrive at), there can have been few families of which some member was not an adherent, secret or open, of the Faith. The nation's concurrence in the increasingly cruel and bitter anti-Catholic legislation had thus to be secured by the continual discovery of 'plots' to assassinate Elizabeth, whose life was the thread on which the new State and Church depended. The Ridolfi plot of 1571 facilitated the penal laws of that and the following year; Parry's plot of 1585 those of that year; the Babington Plot of 1586 was used as an excuse for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots (for which specific purpose it was, in fact, 'framed') and the legislation of 1587; in the nineties, there were Plowhele's plot and Collen's plot and Squire's plot, to

say nothing of the more important plots of Lopez and of Yorke and Williams. Thus, as a Protestant historian, Martin Hume, puts it, 'public indignation and hatred were kept at fever-heat against a party which was represented as constantly plotting against the life of the Queen, though one loose hint of a spy or an impatient word from a distracted prisoner was evidently a sufficient foundation for the manufacture of a succession of such plots.'

Widely differing in details, these 'plots' have one constant feature. They were all known to, nursed by and, at the right moment, 'discovered' by the Government who used in the elucidation (as well as, often, in the construction) of them its spies, forgers, *agent-provocateurs* and torturers. One or two of them may have had a foundation in fact, in that some wild spirit among the English Catholic exiles in Flanders could always be found to advocate the assassination of Elizabeth, the 'Grand Turk of the West' and, as long as Mary Queen of Scots was alive, some partisan would try to right her wrongs; but the more that is known about them, the more suspect their authenticity becomes. To quote Martin Hume again (who wrote as long ago as 1901): 'The accusations that have been repeated by nearly every English historian from Elizabeth's time to our own of widespread and numerous plots to assassinate the Queen at this period are to a large extent unsupported by serious evidence . . . Pamphlets and broadsides, professing to give the whole story of the various murder-plots, were numerous, and have formed the basis of our historical relations for three centuries; but they were written in nearly every instance with political or party object and, from the nature of the case, were necessarily based upon an imperfect or partial statement of the facts.'

It is obviously impossible, in a short article, to give even a short précis of all the 'plots', and I shall confine attention to one only—Squire's plot of 1598. This was still fresh in the public mind at the time of the Gunpowder Plot seven years later; it was specifically mentioned by the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, at Garnet's trial as implicating the Jesuits; it is comparatively simple and reveals admirably the Government method, without involving the complicated issue of forgery or the necessity of deciding whether the protagonist was an *agent-provocateur* or merely an unfortunate tortured into saying what was required.

Edward Squire was a Jack-of-all-trades who lived by his wits. Originally an unsuccessful accountant, he decided to seek his fortune by joining Drake's expedition to the West Indies in 1595, but the ship in which he was serving was captured by the Spaniards and he was taken prisoner to Seville, where he was liberated on parole. Here he went about challenging Spaniards to debate the relative claims of the Anglican and the Catholic Churches and, not unnaturally, drew upon himself the attentions of the Holy Office, by which he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a Carmelite monastery. Once in the monastery, he soon professed himself converted

to Catholicism and asked if he might consult the English Jesuit, Father Richard Walpole, Rector of the English College in Seville.

Walpole was immediately suspicious, since the gambit of Englishmen becoming ostensibly reconciled to the Catholic Church and returning to Cecil with the information they had thus managed to acquire was by now an old one; and his suspicions were increased when Squire asked him for introductions to priests in England. He naturally refused to give any such introductions (since, by the penal laws, such priests, if discovered, were hanged, drawn and quartered) and, shortly afterwards, Squire managed to escape and return to England. Here he was given a post in the Royal stables, but it was not long before he joined Essex's expedition—the Islands Voyage—which was as unsuccessful in the way of profit and plunder as Drake's had been.

He returned at the end of 1597, with no visible means of subsistence. In the spring of 1598 we know, from a letter from Chamberlain to Carleton, that 'here be certain apprehended for a conspiracy against the Queen's person . . . Much buzzing hath been about it, but either the matter is not ripe or there is somewhat else in it, for it is kept very secret.' This is usually considered (though certain proof is lacking) as being the first indication of Squire's 'plot' which did not 'ripen' till the autumn. When Squire was eventually arrested in the October of 1598, he confessed, after five hours on the rack, that Father Walpole had employed him to poison Elizabeth.

'Being demanded what directions he had from Walpole concerning it (Squire) saith that he had certain directions from Walpole in his own handwriting, which as he saith he threw into the water the same day he came from Seville . . . And saith that certain poisonous drugs, whereof opium was one, were to be compounded and beaten together and steeped in white mercury water and put in an earthen pot and set it a month in the sun, by Walpole's said directions.' He was then to put the poison 'in a double bladder and the bladders to be pricked full of holes in the upper part and carried in the palm of his hand upon a thick glove for safeguard of his hand; and then to turn the holes downwards and press it hard upon the pommel of her Highness's saddle.' He 'confessed' that on 'the Monday seven-night after his coming home from Spain . . . understanding that Her Majesty's horses were in preparing for Her Majesty to ride abroad, as her horse stood ready saddled in the stable-yard,' he went up to the horse and 'in the hearing of divers thereabout said "God save the Queen" and therewith laid his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, and out of a bladder which he had made full of holes with a big pin, he impoisoned the pommel of the saddle, being covered with velvet, by brushing the poison on it through the holes of the bladder with his hand, and soon after Her Majesty rode abroad that afternoon.'

Later he entirely recanted, saying that he had confessed anything he

thought would satisfy the Commissioners and relieve him from unbearable torture; and at the gallows itself—knowing that such a course would ensure a vile and lingering death by castration and disembowelling—he protested that this statement under torture was a lie. The story indeed is so preposterous that one cannot but agree with Lingard's judgment that 'if Titus Oates had never existed, the story of this ridiculous plot would suffice to show how easily the most absurd fictions obtain credit when the public mind is under the influence of religious prejudice.' And should Lingard, as a Catholic, be deemed prejudiced, there is the Protestant, Dr. Jessop, who, after a careful examination of the evidence, asserts: 'To me it seems only a monstrous fiction, which the more closely it is looked into, the more entirely incredible does it appear.'

Today there is no historian who would take it seriously, but the importance of it is that, at the time, the Government worked it up to a point where public feeling was at fever-heat. Bacon prepared the Government pamphlet on it; Coke prosecuted the prisoner, and on this occasion had recourse to the forensic trick of allowing his emotion to overcome him in the middle of a speech and pausing for a display of loyal tears; and special prayers were appointed to be used officially in all Anglican churches, one of which began: 'Almighty and Everlasting God, Creator and Governor of all the world, by whom Kings do rule and under whose providence they are wonderfully and mightily often-times protected from many fearful dangers by which the malice of Satan and his wicked imps do seek to entrap them: We give unto thy heavenly Majesty most humble and hearty thanks for that it hath pleased thee of thine infinite mercy in Christ Jesus so wonderfully to uphold, deliver and preserve thine handmaid, our most dread and sovereign Queen Elizabeth so many and sundry times from the cruel and bloody treacheries of desperate men who address themselves to all wickedness; and at this time especially, wherein her innocent life was not only attempted but, had it not been thy merciful power to prevent it, much endangered by wretched traitors appointed to that purpose, who had performed, as much as in them lay, their wicked designments of impoisoning her sacred Majesty.'

And, that there might be no doubt in the minds of the worshippers as to who Satan's wicked imps were and who had attempted the poisoning, the authorities preface the Prayers with an 'Admonition to the Reader' in which it was stated: 'That which passeth the rest and may be an effectual motive to work in all Christian hearts a sounder devotion of thankfulness to our God and a greater detestation of that blood-sucking Romish Antichrist with his whole swarm of shavelings, was that dreadful attempt of Squire . . . which we, her subjects, do tremble at to remember, utterly to quench the light of Israel and by poison to make away our Sovereign Prince . . . to which horrible practice the said Squire in his voluntary

Squires practise to poyson the Queene.

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confession, without any torture at all, professed that he was first incited and afterward at several times persuaded and, appearing somewhat backward, at last encouraged by one Walpole, a cursed Jebusite (Jesuite, I should say).'

With such popularising of the propaganda-version of the 'plot' in the one place which everyone had by law to attend once a week under penalty of a crushing fine—the parish church—it is not surprising that at the beginning of 1606, Coke, in his indictment of Father Garnet, the Jesuit Provincial in England, for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, could be sure of making his point when, at the end of a list of 'plots', he said: 'Anno '97 came Squire from Spain to poison Her Majesty, directed and warranted by Walpole, a Jesuit then residing there; at whose hands likewise after absolution he received the sacrament, as well to put the practice in execution as to keep it secret.'

Apart from this explicit reference, Squire's 'plot' is bound to the Gunpowder Plot in other ways. They are separated in time by a few years only (about as long as between the first appearance of the V1's and today); the earlier plot shows in action the Government triumvirate—Robert Cecil, William Waad and Edward Coke—which managed the later; and the point of Squire's plot was to implicate the Jesuits and Spain, which was also one of the Government's main concerns in the Gunpowder Plot trials.

An analysis of the Babington Plot of 1586 (for which unfortunately there is no room here) would show that, taking it and the Squire Plot together, there is present almost every feature of the Gunpowder Plot. But though we know the Babington and the Squire plots to have been 'frame-ups' and can recognise the pattern of them, as well as the people in them, repeated in the Gunpowder Plot, we are not, of course, thereby entitled to assert that the latter was a 'frame-up' also. It is, however, as I said earlier, necessary to think of the Gunpowder Plot not as an isolated event, but as the last example of a twenty-year-long series. And it is not too much to say that any reader who cares to study in detail all the plots will approach the Gunpowder Plot, requiring above all proof not of the conspirators' guilt but of the Government's innocence.

And this is exactly what he will not find. On the contrary, he will find that the idea of a Gunpowder Plot was toyed with by the Government as early as 1587—the so-called Des Trappes Plot, in which gunpowder was to be laid in the Queen's bedroom—but that, with psychological acumen, it was served on James I. For James's father, Darnley, had been the victim of a Gunpowder Plot, when the Scots Protestant Lords blew up the lonely house in Kirk o'Field where he lay ill. The attempt to kill him in the same way was calculated to drive him (he was, in any case, terrified of physical violence) to the edge of unreasoning fury. No vengeance would seem excessive; no anti-Catholic legislation too severe. There is more than his temperamental sadism in his instructions to torture Guy Fawkes: 'The gentler

tortours are to be first usid unto him, *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur*; and so God sppede your goode worke.'

The student will find too, that, far from the Government being in the dark about the Gunpowder Plot until the famous anonymous letter to Monteagle a week before the 'blow' was planned, they had been aware of it for eighteen months and that 'the little comedy at Hoxton', when the mysterious letter was delivered, was merely a piece of stage-management to lead to the 'discovery'.

He will find that the Government case—the propaganda story which has found its way into all history books—is founded on two 'confessions', one by Guy Fawkes, which was extracted under severe and repeated torture, and the other by Thomas Winter, which was forged.

He will find the doctoring of evidence, the sudden deaths of vital witnesses, the disappearance of important documents—all the paraphernalia, in fact, to which in these days we have become accustomed, as the marks of a ruthless and all-powerful police-state. And he may well conclude that whatever may be the truth about Guy Fawkes and the plot against the Government, there can be no doubt whatever about the brilliant success of the Government's plot against the Catholics, which matured on 5 November 1605.

The Government's objective was to re-introduce, in an even sterner form, the penal anti-Catholic legislation of the previous reign. On James's accession, the fines had been remitted (which had an adverse effect on the exchequer) and the King's promise of toleration had been observed to such an extent that during the first nine months of his reign no less than a hundred and forty priests had entered England, the chapels of the Catholic Embassies had been thrown open, and in some places sermons were delivered in the open air to which the faithful flocked by thousands. Cecil, seeing the whole basis of his power crumbling if this process were not arrested, admitted: 'I will be much less than I am, or rather nothing at all, before I shall ever become an instrument of such a miserable change' and worked upon the King at least to the extent that the penal laws were being gradually re-introduced. The Gunpowder Plot was the instrument by which anti-Catholic fury in court, Parliament and country was so roused that it was possible to go even beyond the Elizabethan limits.

The technique employed was to sow in the minds of a body of desperate men (including the two best swordsmen in England) the idea of striking a blow for the Catholic cause which should so disorganise the Government that it would be possible for the Catholics to set up a new régime with Princess Elizabeth on the throne as Elizabeth II. These men were, all but three, connected by blood or marriage. Catesby, the Winters, Tresham and Monteagle (who, there is reason to think, was the 'stooge' employed by Cecil) were cousins; Grant was the Winters's brother-in-law; Rookwood

and Keyes were connected with the Winters's maternal branch; Percy was the brother-in-law of the two Wrights. Only Thomas Bates, who was Catesby's servant, and Guy Fawkes, who had been at school in York with the Wrights, and Sir Everard Digby were outside the circle. But, when the matter was 'discovered', they were interpreted as 'the whole body of Catholics' and were said (in the teeth of every particle of evidence) to have been inspired by the Jesuits, who, in fact, in obedience to Papal policy, had strained every nerve to prevent the Plot as soon as they heard of it.

It is impossible in a short article to do more than point out one or two of the discrepancies and oddities in the Government story of the Plot which has been conventionally accepted. How did they get the gunpowder? Gunpowder was a government monopoly; and the records of the stores of it for this period are missing. In charge of it, however, was one of Monteagle's relations by marriage. How did they hire the 'cellar', which was owned by a Government official, Whynniard? Whynniard died of, apparently, a heart attack on the morning of 5 November, so could never be questioned. Catesby, Percy and the two Wrights were killed on 8 November at Holbeach House. Percy, at least, had first-hand knowledge of the King's promise of toleration (which the Government denied) and Catesby alone knew the full story of the plot. The Government protested they wanted them taken alive. They could quite well have been, since at Holbeach there were only a dozen men without fire-arms against several hundreds armed. The Government gave a liberal pension for life to the man who shot them. Tresham, who also knew facts unpleasant to the Government, died in the Tower before he came to trial. The overwhelming probability is that he was poisoned. The confession of the one survivor who had been in the Plot from the beginning, Thomas Winter, was used as the basis of the Government story. But it was forged and a copy only put in the records (Cecil kept the forged original at Hatfield, where it still is).

There is no certainty as to how, when or where Guy Fawkes was arrested. The Government gave three mutually contradictory accounts so that some were told he was arrested in the street, some in the cellar and some in his room. There are considerable discrepancies between his confession elicited under torture and the Government edition of it.

So one might continue for some pages. The only certainty is, perhaps, that the full truth will never be known. One may endorse the words of one of the first students of the Plot, a lawyer, David Jardine, who, writing in 1840, said: 'When such expert artists as Bacon and Cecil framed and propagated a State fiction in order to cover a State intrigue, they took care to cut off or divert the channels of history so effectually as to make it hopeless, at the distance of three centuries, to trace the truth by means of documents which have ever been in their control.' But at least in 1950 one knows what *kind* of a Plot it was. It has the air of being contemporary history.

IN SPITE OF OXFORD

A. BROADFIELD

AT breakfast I had forked through the College kedgeree and was hacking at the lumps of University marmalade, when I became aware of someone's eyes opposite me. They seemed to be looking at me, since they met mine and expressed knowledge of my past and present and of vistas beyond. Yet there was no recognition in them, and I was clearly nothing more than a feature of the landscape in some profound intuitive drama, some battleground of ideas, that was going on. The event must have exasperated me a little but magnetised me more, for I found myself watching for my friend, as I thought him, through the following weeks. One day I saw him, and barred his purposive and abstracted way. I suggested that we should go and look for rooms, as I had finished my time in College and to share a room would be cheaper. Expressing no surprise, he turned back with me to knock on the doors of landladies. On our way I found that I was still acting as a foil for his thoughts, and little conversation was necessary. I had broken a spell of isolation in which he had long been held. I learned that he was a poet, and that he was two years ahead of me in the 'Greats' grind; but the academic details were a distant bow of courtesy to Oxford, and meant little beside the more pressing exploration of personalities.

'The slow movement of Beethoven's seventh is going through my head,' I said as we walked past Balliol.

He whistled the theme from the point I had mentally reached, and said that it had been in his head when I spoke. Whistling was part of the spiritual fulfilment of grammar school boys, and indeed part of musical Oxford, for without it the public school section would have had one opportunity less of expressing its contempt for what was extremely vulgar. My friend had developed a whistle of his own, which involved the continuous use of the tongue, the effect being similar to that of the glottal stop in language: the sentimental slur was eliminated and a crystalline separateness of the notes achieved.

'What do you think of Joebags?' I asked. This was our name for a distinguished logician who made it his aim to orientate young minds vis-à-vis Truth by revealing to them, in the most shattering way possible, how abjectly they failed to think, since they did not use the same words in the same senses. As if to show that Joebags was universal, a notice on one of the doors said

Before knocking, we felt constrained to analyse this statement as a particular negative judgment with undistributed subject term. After seeing the landlady, it seemed preferable to regard it as a *cri de cœur*, since she evidently had monetary aspirations, and was maddened by the lucrative business transacted in the bank next door.

'In money matters,' I said, bringing us back to where we were before, 'do you think Joebags capable of generosity?' I suppressed the fact that I had lately received another cheque from him, this time for a holiday. I wondered whether generosity could be a cold carrying out of the logically necessary, or whether it had to be a stray impulse. As Joebags could not be imagined doing or saying anything that was inconsistent with anything else that he did or said, it seemed important for the world that his compelling reasons for generosity should be made public, if generosity was what it was. It transpired that my friend had had cheques also, which hampered us in our detached consideration of the question.

'Joebags is kind to us, while reserving his opinion of us as philosophers,' he said. But it could not be left at that, as Oxford was undergoing a scrutiny. I wished to discover whether the growth of the poet's mind, relying for its enlargement on the discovery of the souls of men and women, could be concurrent with the intensive, whole-time pursuit of philosophical analysis or historical verification. My friend said he was trying hard to reconcile the generous, poetic impulses with the calculating, intellectual 'because, and because and because'. Oxford was a desert that had to be watered, since we had to live in it. When a poem was written, it was not the undergraduate posing, but the man overcoming Oxford. The poet alone remained true to himself in an artificial setting. I agreed, but felt that a kind of universality which the university does not aim to supply is necessary for poetry. To describe this, I used Shakespeare's term 'the motley' in Hazlitt's extended sense, as a slice of life wider and more varied than the university community. Girls are too few at Oxford. The separation of town and gown does not fit in with 'the humanities'. And an atmosphere of strenuous intellectual competition is not a congenial one in which to assert the mystical or artistic values. I spoke, however, not as a poet, for although I did attempt the writing of poetry, it was not until I finally desisted that I conferred a great (and as it has proved, a lasting) benefit on English literature.

Some solved the human problem without the aid of theories. A friend I had known since boyhood came to Oxford with an English scholarship, but found it necessary to 'get his own back' on his environment by removing books from the bookshops without paying, setting his mind at rest by confessing to me what he was doing. This adjustment was short-lived, for he announced that he was going to climb Parnassus, which he literally did,

but the mountain did not yield him its laurels, for he was found at the bottom of a precipice only just in time for his soul to be rectified by his church, while his debts were settled by his College.

After my poet's 'first' in 'Greats', we decided to spend the summer in Paris: he to research in the Bibliothèque Nationale on mediaeval literature, which he loathed as a dead end, I to grapple with Thucydides. In the dark corridor of the night train, into which we had repaired for solitude, I thought to surprise him by rendering part of the great Beethoven quartet in C sharp, and waited for him to ask what it was. Instead he easily reproduced the bare bones of all six movements consecutively.

But his poetic promise was not fulfilled, for he succumbed in Paris to the combined influence of mediaeval research and mediaeval medicine. He contracted pneumonia, for which the French treatment was cupping glasses. Under the unfavourable conditions of our rat-infested hotel room he grew worse, until I had to remove him to the American hospital in Paris, where he died, poetry issuing from his lips.

Joebags thought that he had perhaps had premonition of early death. While I cannot be sure that he had, he certainly was acutely aware of the opinions that might be held of him after death, as the following extracts from what he called his testament show:

> 'I think it is good to leave something on record that will show to a few friends what kind of man their dead friend was. For even to our friends we are very unknown . . . I sometimes used to survey the world from the top of some hill, but most of all I took from the melancholy death of autumn, from the energy of May and June, from the meeting with certain beautiful things like the almond tree in March, or a wood alive with the sad song of robins, serious visions of what men might be. It is the cruelty of men with each other that makes the world reel before my eyes . . . I have never felt that I could achieve the highest friendships. I am cut off from sharing with anyone all the hopes and sights I have, hopes for the world and sights of it. It is not the loneliness of a man who sees nobody, but of one who carries a bursting idea of all things and can give it to nobody. But I learn slowly that love of man is love of the good of man, and have come to see loneliness almost as a condition of love . . . So I fight for a new order which is perhaps impossible in our world. That it is only known to our imaginative spirits does not discourage me. I believe with Plato that we should act as if we lived in that state of good whose pattern, incapable of being the mould of our world, is laid up in heaven.' (1932)

THE UMBRELLA MAN

F. L. GREEN

WAYNE purchased the bungalow early in February and moved into it four weeks later. He was forty. By profession, he was a writer who for many years had achieved a limited, but distinctive, success as an essayist. During that time, he had lived in the city in cramped apartments and flats whose exorbitant rentals consumed almost all of his small income. But he had saved money; and he had hoarded not only money but the desire to express himself in something more robust than those essays: a novel, for instance, or a biographical work. And no sooner had he arrived at the bungalow than a theme for the novel suggested itself to him and seemed to take form from the silence and tranquillity of the surrounding country, as well as from the spaciousness of his new home. The bungalow was two miles from the village, and half a mile from the main road. One reached it by a lane which curved before it and which ended at the edge of the forest whose dense, black fringe after a harsh winter faced the bungalow like an ominous wave halted in its advance.

By nature, Wayne was a solitary man. Life in the city had always eroded his spirit, besides hedging and cramping him in some indefinable way, so that he had never had sufficient space in which to develop. Now, in the silence and solitude, he seemed to have slightly too much space. The bungalow had four large rooms and a kitchen; and as he surveyed them he wondered how he might dispose his few possessions in them. He had two or three friends, and he decided that, later on, he might invite them one after the other to stay for a week or two. There was really so much spare room that it perturbed him. It seemed to him almost as if the emptiness challenged the density of the forest that confronted his new home, and that presently so much vacant space would be devoured, annihilated, by the swollen force of life in the forest. Living alone, such ideas as those assumed a definite pattern in his mind. He was amused by them, but he could not rid himself of them.

When he was quite settled in his new home, he sometimes ceased work and rose from his desk to stand in the porch. He stared at the forest on whose sombre boughs there was now a delicate, green mist which had draped itself about them. Being a townsman, he had never before seen such a manifestation of spring's advent. Nor had he heard early in the morning such bird-song as now echoed from the depths of the forest. His life had always been possessed of its own purpose, its own deliberations and

progress, its fragile talent and the meagre income from his essays. He had hugged all that to himself in his little space, and had only timidly extended himself into friendship or acquaintanceship. Indeed, everything of himself —spiritually as well as materially—seemed balanced precariously in a tiny area which was perilous and uncertain. In the city, it had been threatened by noise, the proximity of other people, the confining walls of his rooms. Here, it was vulnerable to the space about him, to the immense pressure of life in the forest, in the fields, in the very air, and to the lively bird-song which floated upwards from the forest and subsided in the miles of tranquil land. He returned to his desk at the window, conscious for the first time of spring, of his environment. In the past, he had never been submitted to such a process of consciousness as that which now assailed him. For the first time, he felt himself to be a part of a great scene, of the splendour of light, of growth, and the season. It excited him. His senses relished it, but his spirit quailed before it. And, staring through the window at the dense forest, he felt a chilly qualm.

A man had appeared from the dark interior of the forest and was standing looking at him. A lean, ragged man of about his own age, with a sagging hat on his head, his neck bare, and a bundle of old umbrellas under his arm. He approached the bungalow with a deliberate air, his gait long and stealthy, his sly gaze intent upon Wayne, a smile upon his unshaven face, a plausible murmur on his tongue. He followed a track made by rabbits; and, clambering over the wire fence, he came up the tangled garden and stood before the window.

'Mister! Ha, Mister! You haven't an old coat, or a shilling, or a crust of bread to spare, have you?'

Wayne shook his head.

'Or an old pair of shoes? Look at this pair! Worn right through.'

He removed them and entered the porch.

'See! You could put your fist through the soles of them.'

'I'm sorry,' Wayne said, closing the door. 'I haven't a pair to spare.'

The crafty, optimistic face lifted to him.

'Well, give me . . . a shilling. Come on! Be a good fellow, and . . . '

The man pushed open the door and edged into the bungalow with a determined, assured air.

'What about an old pair of socks? Or a shirt? Anything. Or a spoonful of tea?'

He paused, breathing loudly through his open mouth, his smile creasing the expectant expression of his dirty face. He was ragged and damp. A sour smell came from his garments and mingled with the odour of beer on his breath.

'I'll see what I've got,' Wayne said. 'Wait there.'

He went to his bedroom and brought a pair of old socks, to which he

added a worn shirt, a vest, and an old pair of trousers. When he returned to the hall, he found the man peering inquisitively into the empty room.

'You've plenty of room here, mister! Oh, a nice place, with a big spare room!' the man said.

He took the garments and gave thanks profusely. Wayne closed the door upon him and went back to his work. But the umbrella man remained in the porch, mumbling cheerfully to himself. Wayne heard the yard door open. Hurrying through, he found the man standing in the kitchen.

'Ha, ha! There you are, sir! It's a fine place, isn't it? A gas cooker, and a sink with a tap!'

He sniggered with pleasure, and, touching Wayne slyly on the arm, he said:

'I'll just boil a kettle and make myself a cup of tea. Won't take a minute. D'you know, I haven't had a thing in me for a whole day? You won't mind, will you, if I . . . and you'll give me a slice of bread and . . . and . . . '

He assumed a subservient, pleading air, saying:

'How about letting me sleep in the empty room, just for tonight?'

Wayne shook his head.

'Wait in the yard,' he said. 'I'll give you some tea.'

The other tapped him on the arm.

'Now, that shed in the yard. Would you mind if I . . . stayed the night there?'

'I'll give you a meal, and then off you go,' Wayne said.

The other grimaced. 'Fair enough,' he said.

After the meal, he wandered off towards the lane. It was evening, and a light rain was falling. Within half an hour, it had become a downpour. Someone tapped on the bungalow door, softly and repeatedly. It was the umbrella man, and he was mumbling to himself in the porch.

'Now, listen!' Wayne said, going to him. 'I've given you what clothes I could spare, and a meal . . . '

'Look at the rain, mister!' the man said. 'I'll be drenched. Let me stay in the shed tonight. You've rooms to spare. I've no home, no shelter, and not even a bob for a bed anywhere. Come on, mister!'

Grudgingly, Wayne assented. The man settled down, and Wayne bolted the kitchen door. He felt uneasy. He decided that tomorrow he would get rid of the fellow. That night, he imagined that he heard footsteps in the bungalow. He sat up in bed and listened. The rain was falling heavily and the wind was seething through the trees in the forest.

In the morning, he found the umbrella man in the kitchen. He had borrowed Wayne's razor from the bathroom and had shaved himself. He was washed, and he was wearing the clean clothes which Wayne had given him. Sober, he had not only grown in stature, but had shed his abject, subservient air.

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'I had to come and sleep inside,' he said, wistfully. 'The shed leaked.'

He was transformed. In the sunlight after the storm, in the clear light of the spring day, he looked bold, robust, somehow redoubtable. At sight of him, all Wayne's resolve melted. It was one thing to send away a tinker, but it was quite another thing to dismiss this man whose air had a remnant of dignity and integrity.

'I can't have you trespassing here!' Wayne managed to say.

The other laughed softly. 'I'm no trouble, you know, mister. I'm a useful chap. I'll dig and plant your garden for you. You'll see! Give me five shillings and I'll buy all the seeds and things you'll need for a decent vegetable garden. Now's the time!'

'You make yourself very free with my things, don't you?' Wayne complained, acidly.

The man smiled. 'Can you cook, mister?' he asked.

'That's my business.'

'I'm a good cook, mister,' the other said, imperturbably. 'And I can look after a garden. And repair things. You'll find me a useful man, you know.'

Wayne lost his temper.

'Go away! Get out, and don't come back!'

He took five shillings from his pocket and thrust them at the man.

'Now, go! And if you come back, I'll send for the police.'

The other took the money and smiled gently. Wayne's anger subsided. He had nothing more to say. Perhaps the other knew this, for he turned away with a little grimace of triumph.

'I'll get some seeds for you,' he said, softly.

He left soon afterwards. Wayne settled to his book, but his thoughts would not cohere. He felt irritated, and he wondered if the man would return. When he considered him, he felt inclined to let him work about the place; but he knew that once he allowed that, the man would not be satisfied. He would insinuate himself impudently into the silence and spaciousness of life in the bungalow.

Wayne's conjectures were interrupted by the sight of the umbrella man in the garden. He had returned and was already surveying the plots. He remained there throughout the day, digging the soil, making beds, planting rows of vegetable seeds. He worked expertly and, when he had finished, he explained what he had done.

'It's rich soil, and it will yield a lot. You'll be able to live off it.'

Pausing, he looked up at Wayne.

'Give me a shilling for drink,' he said, flatly.

'I'll give you a meal,' Wayne said. 'After that, you can go.'

The man followed him into the kitchen.

'Just show me what there is, and I'll cook it for you.'

His manner was aggressive, but he softened it with a persuasive smile.

'Just leave it to me,' he said. 'I'll do it.'

Wayne flung round on him.

'Mind your own business! I'll do what is necessary, and after you have done, you can be off! This time, if you don't go, I'll fetch the police from the village.'

The man went out to wash himself at the tap in the yard. Wayne prepared a meal and put half of it on a plate and gave it to him. In a subdued manner, the other thanked him. An hour later, Wayne saw him go down the lane.

At some time during the night the man returned; and when Wayne awoke in the morning, he was already at work in the garden. He came into the kitchen as soon as breakfast was ready.

'Your fence,' he began, at once. 'Now, if you don't repair that and wire it, you'll have every rabbit for miles around here nibbling your vegetables; and the creatures from the forest breaking in as well. Give me some money and I'll get wire for you.'

Wayne gave him silver and the man set off briskly. There was no getting rid of him, so it was better that he should be occupied. From that day, he took up his abode in the bungalow. He was an expert gardener and a good carpenter. He could cook, and wash clothes and linens as ably as any woman. Work kept him silent and absorbed, and then he was happy; but leisure irked him, and he craved for shillings for drink. When Wayne refused him, he grumbled and became surly. At last, he went to bed.

He had made a place for himself in the empty room. Day by day, he was busy making a bed and a chair, with tools and wood which he had purchased for Wayne. Labour transformed his character, so that out of the murk of beggary and slyness, something innately good revived in him. His air of decency increased, and with it that flavour of a man of personality, intelligence, and individuality, which denoted superiority. It had been Wayne's intention to get rid of him, but this gradual change prevented him. He hesitated to return the man to poverty and vagrancy. He accepted his presence without striking a note of friendship with him, and the other tacitly agreed to this relationship. He was diligent—working all day in the garden—and quiet. Gradually, he stopped cadging money for drink, and seemed to efface himself when he was at leisure. The garden flourished. He bought more wood and made more furniture. There was hardly a minute of the day when Wayne did not hear the sound of saw or hammer, or see him at work in the garden, or notice in his manner the regeneration of spirit and intelligence which made him so formidable. Like the forest and the fields under the summer which had now come, he dominated the place. He was a presence who could not be subdued or ejected. He had gradually

taken charge. He it was who did the shopping, cooked, swept, washed the place, laundered, tended the garden, while Wayne tried to write.

When the umbrella man had first invaded the bungalow, it had been a novelty for Wayne to have his meals tastefully prepared and to be relieved of household labour. Released, he had more time in which to write, more time in which to reflect upon the theme of his novel, so that for a little while the book had developed. Now, it was waning.

Under the glory of summer, it melted like so much ice. Wayne held tenaciously to its delicate theme and its characters, but sometimes theme and characters were sluggish. He could devise neither dialogue nor action for them. They were static in his mind which, in the heat and dazzling brilliance of high summer, had become lethargic. He almost fell asleep at his desk. His energy, his will to work, had lost momentum. The umbrella man seemed amused.

'My word! You haven't written more than a couple of lines all day! What a man you are for snoozing!'

It seemed to Wayne that with the blooming of summer the umbrella man became even more buoyant. The dark wall of the forest from which he had originally emerged was now magnificent with foliage. Above was the blue sky. In the garden the vegetables were growing. Also, there were borders of flowers. And with this plenitude of growth and bloom, the umbrella man's decayed character had gradually revived as though he were a part of summer itself, and of all the things into which life was induced by the sunlight. He was a different being; restored to some purpose, returned to dignity and a dominant intelligence which prevailed over Wayne so that there was no longer any doubt of the man's position in the place. Quietly, without discussion or argument, he had his way in all things. He prepared all the meals, shopped in the village, tended the garden, without consulting Wayne at all, so that there was nothing for Wayne to do except sit at the desk and write.

Wayne looked through the window and saw the forest in all its brilliance of colour, and heard the sound of birds and insects. In the dizzy haze of heat, his mind became hazy and a languor possessed him. There was the umbrella man at work in the garden, and he watched him with a fascinated stare, his novel dead under his hand, all energy drained out of him by the sight of that energetic presence weeding the vegetable plots wherein grew fine beetroot, cabbages, lettuce, peas, and potatoes.

A consciousness of inferiority increased in Wayne and, with it, there developed a sense of failure. He tried to concentrate on his work ; but when he heard the umbrella man humming gaily to himself, he felt that all his own efforts were futile. He sat idly in his chair, his mind void of all thought, until gradually this yielding of himself created a comforting sense of contentment. It was as though he had resolved a curious struggle for

supremacy between himself and the umbrella man. No word had been spoken, but the issue was at last decided, with the other always at work and the curious pressure of his active presence filling the place.

Absorbed and happy, the umbrella man ignored Wayne more and more, serving him food and leaving him at the table by himself. A density of silence seemed to encompass Wayne. He got up from the table and sat inert at his desk. Suddenly, the other would appear at his elbow, saying pointedly:

'What a lazy man you are! You just sit there doing nothing.'

There was no tone of reproof in his words. It was just a plain statement of fact. Never yet had they pierced to the personal lives of each other. Their conversation had always been scant. When the man had first come to the place and had been abject and degenerate, Wayne had ignored him. Now it was the umbrella man who treated him to silence and aloofness.

With the advent of autumn, with the fall of leaf, with the subtle transformation stealing over the scene, Wayne degenerated as the umbrella man had revived with summer. Winter came. He rose late from bed and seldom shaved or washed. His clothes became dirty. He sank into sloth because he had nothing to do. His novel had melted from his imagination. His mind was moribund. In the bitter weather, he sometimes slept all day in bed.

At last, one March morning, when the sun was bright, the umbrella man spoke gently to him.

'Haven't you any skill with your hands?' he asked him. 'Can you make things or repair them? Have you a craft?'

With a feeling of morbid deficiency, Wayne shook his head.

'Well, I'll show you how to repair an umbrella,' the man said.

He brought the shabby bundle of old umbrellas from the shed and unpacked it. His tools were wrapped amidst them and these, too, he set out.

It was a romping spring day. All that afternoon, they worked together, while the man explained how to hold the tools and how to repair an umbrella properly. And when at last Wayne had properly fitted a new rib to an umbrella and adjusted the little spring, the other exclaimed happily:

'There! Now you'll never want for a penny or two. Just remember what I've taught you, and you'll be able to make your way about,' he said.

Dusk came, and dampness rose from the fields and the forest. The umbrella man prepared the evening meal and served it. He looked quizzically at Wayne, who sat opposite him wolfing his food, then he lowered his gaze. When the meal was ended, he got up and went out, returning a few minutes later. He was wearing one of Wayne's hats and his raincoat. Through a mist of inertia and sloth, Wayne saw him smile softly, nod, and go out. The bungalow door closed.

Wayne scrambled from his chair and hurried after the other. When he reached the door, he was just in time to see the umbrella man disappearing

into the forest by the same track which he had trod early in the year when he had first come. Wayne returned to the room and lit the gas mantle. Standing neatly in the corner there was the little bundle of umbrellas, and when he saw them, he felt a momentary sense of relief. Perhaps the umbrella man had gone out on an errand and would soon return; but the evening passed and there was no sign of him.

Wayne knew that he would never return. There was a curious hush in the forest and fields. It came stealing into the bungalow. Wayne felt it gathering densely and he became afraid. Looking about him, he caught sight of himself in a mirror; and for a moment he could not believe that he was looking at his own reflection. He saw what he thought were the features of the umbrella man: the dirty, unshaven, haggard face, brimming with guile and corruption. Then all at once a spasm of terror seized him. He spun round and saw the bundle of umbrellas standing in the corner. He ran towards it and lifted it; and hurrying from the bungalow to the fringe of the sombre forest, he hurled the bundle into the ditch beyond the fringe of the trees. Then he drew a breath and slowly returned to the bungalow and sat down.

He waited as though for some healing process to work upon him. Presently he got up and stumbled into his bedroom where he removed his dirty clothes. He went to the bathroom and bathed and shaved. He put on clean clothes. Seating himself at his desk, he waited for the dawn. And when at last he saw the familiar, dark face of the forest with its boughs softly swathed in what appeared to be a green mist of buds, he felt that he had been only a day or two in the bungalow and that all that had passed within the year had been nothing more than a strange period of his own spirit. He opened his book and read what he had written, and slowly his thoughts began to resume once more on the theme.

LETTER FROM SWEDEN

By PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

I HAVE never been in Sweden before and hasten to set down my first impressions which, as every cynic is happy to know, are far more reliable than second impressions, or, indeed, third impressions—it is when you have been in a foreign land long enough to be able to toy with the (as you suppose fashionable) slang phrases that you realise the enormity of your ignorance and the inaccuracy of your observations. The very first sight I saw in Stockholm confirmed me: wrapped in a wonderfully hygienic towel, a heavy-jowled old humbug lay back at ease while over him bent —gleaming cut-throat razor in hand—a dazzling blonde *female* barber. 'Perfect, simply perfect!' said the dramatic critic inside me; 'this is indeed Strindberg's country!'

At least I now believe I have been in Stockholm before; although, without going into Ouspenskian speculation, I have to record a vague sense of the *déja vu*. Perhaps only because one has seen so many pictures of the place; is not this one of the many so-called Venices of the North? And do we not all, when first visiting Venice proper, feel as if we had known it all our lives, as indeed we have, if not from Canalletos, then from the humbler water-colours of Aunt Elsie? Or can it be that, looking out of the window and seeing the long, low, cool lines, the trams gliding over the far-flung bridge, the gulls swooping and skidding on the ice, one is reminded of Leningrad and the Nevsky? But no, this is not Russia, not yet anyway; the extreme cleanliness of the window-pane and the rationally ventilated atmosphere of the room reminds you.

At night it would not be Leningrad you thought of anyway. The clean, wide pavements flanked with cliffs of solid, so unblitzable banks and shops, some with an indefinable touch of Bavarian *art-nouveau* styles of 1907 (unless of course they are models of the modern style familiar from every brochure on architecture the world over), these put one more in mind of Munich or Frankfurt in the old days. Especially if you have just come out of the theatre and seen, just as if nothing had happened in the last twenty years, that loud, tormented expressionistic style of playing, all neurotic spotlights and lurid cycloramas and straight-from-the-chest storm and stress which used to make our hair stand on end in the Schauspielhaus; though, to be sure, the audience has a higher standard of 'chic', and you will miss that most evocative of odours, cigar smoke. Oh, yes, there is smoking—but mostly of cigarettes, expensive for the natives, prohibitive for us, of pseudo American brands, with weird names. 'You smoke, ja? Have a *BOY*.'

You will also be offered, at no extra expense, a second cup of coffee, though coffee, like hotel accommodation, is short and rationed, a hardship for a people who were among the highest coffee consumers in the world, and who are anyway badgered by licensing laws as tiresome and 'governessy' as those of the Scots-Canadian states.

But at least we can smoke *between courses* —thus mixing American *sans façons* with the still existent and heavily ceremonious toasting and pledging of each other. You may have to down your schnapps with the formality of a Czarist cavalry officer, but you can also, without comment, drink a tall glass of milk, *à l'Americaine*, with your Flounder Meunière. American influence is very much there—a touch of drape in the tailoring or the hat-band a little too wide, which assorts oddly with the indigenous bow-ties, spotless mackintoshes and tastefully uniform dress. The gadgetry too is surely American, except that where the thing would in the States be made of nauseous plastic, it is likely here to be made of light and artfully carpentered birch wood; here indeed are ideal homes!

Yet the eye approves rather than sparkles. So clean, so practical, so *fair*, in every sense; yet can it be that it is just the smallest bit *dull*? Too bourgeois, too parochial perhaps and—what is so shocking to the liberal, rationalist mind, a little lacking in those evils which make life so interesting; the jumble of squalor and elegance, the mingling of contrasted

classes. The eye so quickly gets used to everything being well designed; where everyone is decently dressed, no one springs a surprise, be it of riches or rags. And then, surely, it ought to be nice that everyone is so well educated, that there are so many fine educational establishments, and that there is an endemic passion for self-improvement through study-groups and night-classes. Perhaps it is something to do with the climate: dark so early; too cold for street corner lounging; without pubs to meet in; so that a lecture hall, clean and well-lighted, seems a more attractive place than it might in some lands. Lectures and exhortations seem to be almost unhealthily popular. Of course one can go to the cinema, but only at stated times and they won't let you in after the film has started—such a good idea, I suppose, but so annoying all the same! You will see what American films the censor permits and a good many Swedish ones, made (we would say) rather too quickly and cheaply. You may also, as anywhere else in the world, go to *Oklahoma* and *Annie-Yet-Your-Yun* [*sic*], and the theatre and the opera are models of what such things should be in a country of no more than seven million; a first-rate state theatre, with a large and a small auditorium and a repertory which takes in all the new plays from all over Europe, besides the Scandinavian classics, and a first-rate opera, neither too large nor too small, financed from the proceeds of the national lottery, playing a wide repertory from Gounod's *Faust* to (in Swedish) some worthy indigenous master-work, for instance, *Arnljot*, of about 1910, a post-Wagnerian weariness, about (it seemed to me) Lohengrin in Lapland. I enjoyed it more than many members of the audience, I thought, who showed unseemly haste in getting out and into the galoshes queue. This putting on and taking off of outer clothes takes up a lot of time and energy in Sweden; it is nice, of course, coming out of the Arctic cold into tropical heat, indeed it is necessary, to shed fur caps, ear-muffs, galoshes, etc. and see them vanish along wonderfully-organised cloak rooms. How odd must seem our English habit of sitting through everything in an overcoat or spending an evening at the opera with a damp mackintosh on your knee and your hat under the seat. We must seem as unsavoury as Eskimos or Russian coachmen. But it means you do not wish to rush for the exits the moment the death of the hero or the first notes of the coda are sensed; you do not have to push past with 'Be so good, be so good.' And it is tiresome to have to do so much disrobing even for five minutes in a coffee-shop.

Are manners bad? People in Stockholm complain of a good deal of shoving and ruthlessness. I myself found nothing but extreme politeness and civil, if not exactly smiling faces, for the tendency is to look glum and dead-eyed. It used to be German which all aspiring persons spoke—it being recognised that Sweden is too small a population for anyone non-Swedish to bother with the language—and the older generation are more fluent in German perhaps than in English, which is now the official second language and spoken extremely well, if a little pedantically, by an astonishing number of people, who—however shyly—all desire to practise their English intonation. The fur-hatted policeman will direct you faultlessly—'Ja, you must take this side-walk and pass the back-side of the apothecary.' In the splendid wide trains, strangers will strike up conversations to practise their English, though talking to strangers is, I fancy, as agonising an effort as it is for us British. There is a keen interest in things English—in this small population there are no fewer than forty-five passionate enthusiastic Anglophile societies, ready for a lecture on any subject which will improve their knowledge of the spoken word. Deep down, too, I daresay, there is resentment and envy, also, of Britain, which one would discover (as one does in Canada) when more alcohol had loosened tongues. I feel I can understand this—especially the envy. England is going to look horribly crowded and dirty and ramshackle when I get back, but I am not altogether sure I shall be sorry. Perhaps this was the wrong time of year to come, for in the summer the Swedish country, and the towns too, must look lovely and at any other season nobody and nothing are quite at their best. Yet I shall miss the well-dressed, solid, earnest, people, the good buildings and that smoked eel with sour cream.

NEW BOOKS

COLLECTED SHORTER POEMS, 1930–1944

By W. H. Auden. *Faber & Faber.* 15s.

THE ENCHAFÈD FLOOD: THREE CRITICAL ESSAYS ON THE ROMANTIC SPIRIT

By W. H. Auden. *Random House, New York.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Geoffrey Grigson

Without much room, Mr. Auden's poems can best be reviewed in a number of dogmatic statements directed toward their merits. The first statement is that he embodies a total change in European sensibility of which we are all participants but which most of us have either not recognised or not admitted. The second statement is that he is the lucky possessor of more of the qualities of a great and enduring poet than are given to anyone else now writing in English. The third statement is that, having these qualities, he makes use of them, enlarges them, refines them; and grows when others cease growing or reproduce old growths. And a fourth statement: Mr. Auden is a poet who is not cautious or afraid. He is a poet in bulk. He is not afraid either of writing in bulk or of making a fool of himself. He began as a poet in love with words (he is still in love with them). He thinks as well as feels. Greedy of knowledge, insatiably inquisitive, he turns his knowledge to the illumination of our predicament, temporal and long term.

Many more minds than we would guess from the way this portent is handled by his own countrymen now have lines by Auden lodged in them willy-nilly. The lines of a verbal musician *stick* and stay alive—'Look, stranger, on this island now', 'O lurcher-loving collier black as night', 'Nothing is given: we must find our law', 'The lion griefs loped from the shade'—and more than lines:

> In the nightmare of the dark
> All the dogs of Europe bark,
> And the living nations wait,
> Each sequestered in its hate;
>
> Intellectual disgrace
> Stares from every human face,
> And the seas of pity lie
> Locked and frozen in each eye.
>
> Follow, poet, follow right
> To the bottom of the night,
> With your unconstraining voice
> Still persuade us to rejoice;
>
> With the farming of a verse
> Make a vineyard of the curse,
> Sing of human unsuccess
> In a rapture of distress;
>
> In the deserts of the heart
> Let the healing fountain start,
> In the prison of his days
> Teach the free man how to praise.
>
> (*In Memory of W. B. Yeats*)

No ear can mistake the peculiarity of the Auden line, the Auden poem in its variety of shapes and sizes.

The best voices of our age are the healers, and not those who stop only at the record of confusions and distresses or who are criers of its woe. At the emotional centre I would say that Mr. Auden endeavours to minister to those (which means most of us) who are homeless at home. But he is poet rather than healer alone, or didactic poet alone or moralist alone; which means that, as well as holding up the hands to bless, he can string words for the fun of it, make jokes, invent songs, stories,

fables, and alter his levels for each of his moods and so for each of ours. But at the centre he is absolutely in earnest, aiming, in a phrase of Blake's, at eternal moments without heed merely to his own sensations. As this collected volume shows, he does not farm a restricted corner of the world, the minor poet's restricted corner, personal or communal.

One thing to regret is Mr. Auden's modesty in collecting no volume of his critical, interpretative prose, much of which has been the best of all glosses on his poetry. So his true public may care to know of three critical essays on the romantic spirit, *The Enchafèd Flood*, published so far only in New York. It is an old commonplace that poets are not always good writers of prose; and rather than expand in the possible thinness of fine writing, Mr. Auden compresses what he has to say into note and short paragraph. He aims to elucidate that 'revolutionary change in sensibility' we conveniently call 'Romanticism'. And to do so he takes a single theme, the sea, which sways, storms and isolates in the major writing of the last century and a half. Much of the book skilfully analyses *Moby Dick*. The Romantic artist, his conclusion is, became the epic hero, whose own deeds in his own brave and terrible isolation he had to record; whereas in our age 'the artist neither can have such a unique heroic importance nor believes in the Art-God enough to desire it.' Dogma is required once more 'not as the contradiction of reason and feeling but as their ground and foundation'. And now 'the heroic image is not the nomad wanderer through the desert or over the ocean, but the less exciting figure of the builder, who renews the ruined walls of the city.' Solitude will not tempt us into Promethean pride: 'we are far more likely to become cowards in the face of the tyrant who would compel us to lie in the service of the False City. It is not madness we need to flee but prostitution.'

Apply this to all the public figures you know, whether in politics or art, the over-sixties and the under-fifties, the old war-horses with an individual neigh; or the makers of a plan. Apply it also to Auden's poetry and see how it lights up those constituents of it which are profoundly novel.

THE VICTORIANS

Anthology chosen by Geoffrey Grigson

Routledge & Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

An anthology which does not represent particularly well either the Victorians or the Victorian poets, but is a fine specimen of Mr. Grigson's charm and connoisseurship. There is, unfortunately, a schoolmasterish air of the 'thirties about the notes and indeed the 'thirties rather than the nineteenth century lie embalmed here in the patronising airs towards Tennyson, the extravagant praise of nonsense verse and the illusion that street ballads contain 'honest poetry' and that the interviews given by Mayhew's labouring poor were likely to be more sincere than anyone else's. It is an anthology *à thèse* and that means lines and verses picked here and there out of their context. But Mr. Grigson's method of browsing through Victorian literature as if it were an antique shop has produced many finds and sparkling curiosities.

TENTH SYMPHONY AND OTHER STORIES

By Mark Aldanov. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

Mr. Aldanov writes of famous people. And that is all right, one supposes, so long as he is writing of the silent dead—Beethoven, Michelangelo, Count Metternich and so on. But some of these stories come closer to our time—the recently dead Mussolini and the very much alive Mr. Churchill and M. Stalin. This is what he writes in the story about Churchill at the Yalta Conference: 'Churchill respected Roosevelt and considered him a perfect gentleman (there were so few perfect gentlemen left in international politics). They were *almost* friends.' And again, when the delegates are being shown the battlefield of Balaclava: '"Forward the last of the Cardigans" one of the British delegates has quoted softly and without a smile. Another of them, likewise unsmiling, recited Tennyson's poem, which all Englishmen of the older generation, and of course all officers, know by heart.' Perhaps Mr. Aldanov is like Saki's social-climbing young man of whom Saki wrote: 'He sometimes spoke of duchesses as if he knew them, and in his more inspired moments as if they knew him.'

INFINITY

R. L. COOK

Air-fall through the trees
Echoes the mind's disease;
Wind whisper in the grass
Murmurs the body's curse;
Wave pattern on the shore
Measures the human hour.

All nature's voices moan,
Subtler than poets' song,
How flesh and blood are young
Whose destiny is bone.

And yet the ancient stone,
Powdered with dust of bone,
Far older powers mock
Whose silence crumbles rock.

RALPH GUSTAFSON

QUEBEC WINTERSCENE

And the snow trodden round the yard,
Soiled with boots and fetched cordwood,
Straw ravelled near the barn,
The long snow of the fourfold land.
At dusk, acres clamped cold
And threshold everywhere white crossed
By the distant scribble of black alders
And down the frozen field snakefence
Like charred music, sky only harvest
Helps over, buckled, the taste of tin
Dipper icy a man drinks pausing,
Sweat of snug barn-work a hazard
Once out, door-to, headed for house.

At eight, night now pitch, towering
Its steel ramps, the train, halted
For mailsacks at the swung lantern,
The hills a moment hyphened yellow,
Alongside, monstrous, chanting steam,
Pistons poised. Then pulls past.

At the cutting, heard golden
whose only
Answer is the human heart.

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